

On Calamy's Imprisonment, and Wild's Poetry.

To the Bishops.



Oft Reverend Lords, the Churches Joy and wonder,
 Whose Lives are Lightning, and whose Do-
 (Arise Thunder,
 The rare Effects of both in this are found,
 Ye break Mens Hearts, yet leave their Bodies sound;
 And from the Court, (as David did, they say)
 Do with your Organs fright the Dev'l away:
 Awake: (for though you think the Day's your own)
 The Cage is open, and the Bird is flown:
 That Bird (whom though your Lordships do despise)
 May Shite in Paul's, and Pick out Sheldon's Eyes:
 'Tis He who taught the Pulpit and the Press
 To mask Rebellion in a Gospel-dress:
 He who blew up the Coals of Englands Wrath,
 And Pick'd Mens Pockets by the Publick Faith:
 He who the Melting Sister's Bounty try'd,
 And Preach'd their Bodkins into Caesar's side:
 That Crocodile of State, who wept a Flood,
 VVhen he was Maudlin-drunk with CHARLES his Blood;
 Is by the Sisters Gold, and Brethrens Prayer,
 Become a Tenant to the open Air:
 For some were griev'd to see that Light expire,
 That lately help'd to set the Church on fire;
 And when their Ghostly Father was perplex't,
 Could wrest an Añ, as he had done a Text.
 Now enter Wild, who merrily lets fly
 The Fragments of his Pulpit-Drollery:
 Though his Seditious Ballad pleas'd the Rour,
 The Verses (like the Author) had the Gout:
 Yet he proclaims the Show, invites the Crew;
 (The Presbyters have their Jack-Puddings too)
 He tells you of a Beast (had lately been
 VVithin the VValls of Newgate to be seen)

That with a Throat (wide as the VVay to Hell)
 Could swallow Oaths would choak the Idol Bel,
 And burst the Dragon: yet he could not swear
 Obedience to the King, and House of Pray'r.
 Ingenious Wild, 'tis thy unhappy Fate
 That Iter Boreale's out of date;
 Love's Tragedy's forgot: for (Oh Disgrace!)
 Peters succeeds him in his Marryrs place:
 Publish the Legend of that Reverend Brother,
 And añ the one, as thou hast writ the other.
 For when St. Hugh did mount the Fatal Tree,
 He left his Coat a Legacy to thee.
 O may the Gout no more disturb thy ease,
 But Bishop Halter take his Diocese;
 And now th' art dead in Law, (though Zealots laugh)
 Impartial Truth shall write this Epitaph:
 This Presbyterian Brat was born and cry'd,
 Spit in his Mothers face, and so he dy'd.
 He dy'd, yet lives; and the unhappy Elf,
 Divides Beelzebub against himself;
 Abuses Calamy, that Tayl of Smec,
 And shoots the Prelates through his Brothers Neck.
 Bishops awake! and see a Holy Cheat;
 The Enemy sows Tares among your wheat:
 Do ye not hear the Sons of Edom cry,
 Down with the Añ of Uniformity?
 VVe will compound, and worship God by th' halves:
 Take you the Temples, and give us the Calves.
 Thus you behold the Schismaticks Bravado's;
 wild speaks in Squibs, but Calamy Granado's.
 Kirk, still these Bears, lest under Tyburn-hedge,
 The Squire of Newgate rock them on a Sledge.

F I N I S.